

Michael Henrik Wynn
“Once Upon a Time”

The demon rises
Loathsome spawn
Spreading its sinewed arms like wings
Razor tongue, you whispering creature
alone
in a crescent landscape
till dawn.

On the rainy plains
Far from sooty licks of fire
Step by step in slush and mud
Icy gusts from storms subdued
And memories that suffocate
Again and again.

Mortal silence
as showers drift away:
exposing those thousand stars
you listen,
frantically,
to the pulse of night and day.

Three creaking knocks on my door.